FOR LOVE AND BIRTHRIGHT -OR-

### PLOT VS. PRINCIPLE.

Suddenly the slow, sweet strains of lovely waitz fell upon ear. She started as the sound reminded her of her promise to Walter, and colored as she thought what that promise would involve,

She looked at her tablets to see if there was not some mistake. No, it was number nineteen, and one

of Strauss' intoxicating melodies, and just then Waiter approached her. "I am afraid you are too tired," he said, as he remarked the grave, per-plexed look in her eyes. She laughed.

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"No, I am not too tired," she an-swered; "but, to be frank, I did not notice that this was to be a waltz,

notice that this was to be a waltz, and I have refused one to a gentle-man this evening." "I will release you if you desire," Walter returned, with ready cour-tesy, yet looking disappointed. She glanced up at him. She had dis-covered that he was a delightful partner, and the eager look that she saw in his eyes, and the bewildering music, tempted her strongly. "No; I believe I should enjoy it," she said, with a smile, while her eyes were full of "Shifting lights as diamonds are."

"Shifting lights as diamonds are," and, laying her hand upon his shoul-der, she floated away to the magic strains, and forgot for the time that there were more than two people in the world.

he world. Edmund Carpenter had observed all this, and ground his teeth in silent

rage. "She 'does not like to waltz very well,' but it seems that he can tempt her to do it," he muttered, and end-ed with a bitter imprecation upon this

ed with a bitter imprecation upon this disturber of his peace. He stood watching them with a gloomy face, never once taking his wrathful eyes from those two grace-ful figures, as round and round they spun, without a single thought of fatigue or time, or aught but the de-licious music, the dreamy motion, and a sense of content at being thus to-gether.

licious music, the dreamy motion, and a sense of content at being thus together.
On and on they went, without a break or a misstep, until the music suddenly ceased, when Walter drew his companion's hand within his arm, and looked down into her tlushed face with a rueful expression.
"I am afraid I have done wrong to keep you upon the floor so long," he said. "Are you very tired ?"
"No, I am not tired at all. I enjoyed it immensely. You are a delightful waltzer, Mr. Richardson."
They happened to be passing the spot where Edmund Carpenter stood at that instant, and he caught the words, and vowed in his heart that he wou'd make Walter "sweat" for that night's work.
Just then Ruby's handkerchief fluttered to the floor.
Edmund sprang forward to get it, and as he returned it to her, he remarked, with sarcastic emphasis:
"I understood that Miss Gordon did not like to waltz: but doubtless it was a spirit of self-sacrifice which impelled her to yield to the importunities of another."
The scowl that he bestowed upon Walter as he said this betrayed that he was wrought up to the highest pitch of passion.

highest pitch of passion. Ruby grew crimson to her tem-ples. She had intended to apolo-gize to him for having waltzed with Walter after refusing him, and explain how it had occurred; but this spirit of vindictiveness she would not reference and drawing

mined to have the last word if possi-ble, though it was all ne could do to control his rage against Walter for fingering so long. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, with Mr. and

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, with Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles, stood near, and two atl east of the four were watching with some curiosity and interest to see Ruby take leave of the young

Walter, do not keep Miss Gordon waiting; return her the flower," Edmund commanded, turn-ing upon his rival with an air of authority, his patience completely exhausted. don

exhausted. Walter started and colored hotly at his tone, while Ruby turned and regarded the man with a look of surprise. Walter, however, recov-ered his composure instantly, and approaching the young girl, he said, with a smile: "I have been waiting for an op-portunity to restore your lily; though I am not sure but that—to the 'victor belong the spoils.'"

the 'victor belong the spoils." "That's so," cried Mr. Ruggles, who had not been unobservant of Edmund's jealousy during the even-ing, and was now boiling inwardly

at his recent overbearing manner "he won in the race, and he should have the trophy."

Ruby glanced up with an answer-ing smile at Walter, while a spirit of mischief and defiance suddenly took possession of her. She resolv-ed that he should have the lily, just to punish the man who had been so insolent to him. been so

"The trophy is certainly not a very valuable one," she said. "What's aught but 'tis valued, " Walter quoted lightly, but with a very earnest look in his eyes, not-withstanding.

"What nonsense, Walter. Can't withstanding. "What nonsense, Walter. Can't you see that Miss Gordon is very weary? Give her the flower, and do not detain her longer," said Edmund Carpenter, coming for-ward and speaking impatiently. He had sued for that hily earlier in the evening, and Ruby had flatly refused to give it to him. Would she have the face to bestow it upon his rival in his very presence? He could scarcely contain himself at the thought. "I will give Miss Gordon the flower

"I will give Miss Gordon the flower if she desires it," Walter replied, coldly, yet still retaining it in his hand.

bind. Ruby's eyes were very bright as they met the eager look of the young man, but she said: "Tis only a fading flower; but keep it if you like." "Thanks," Waiter responded, with a luminous smile. Then holding out his hand, he bade her good-night, and turned away to make his adieus to the others, after which he went his way with a heart as light as air. "I thought the lily was to be re-tained as a souvenir," remarked Ed-mund Carpenter, in a low tone, as he took leave of Ruby. She fooked up at him with curling fips.

'One would hardly think a simple

"One would hardly think a simple flower worth so much controversy, Mr. Carpenter," she said, coldly; then added, "I trust you have had a pleas-ant evening. Good-night." She gave him a formal little bow, then turning she walked to her bro-ther's side, determined to cut short the disagreeable interview, and beginning to heartily despise the man. The baffled lover departed without having even mentioned the opera, and yowing vengenace upon his successful foe.

set of elegant tollet articles, while Mr. Gordon was presented with some che books which he had been heard say he would like to possess. But their chief thought had been for Ruby, their chief thought had been for Ruby, whom these plain but honest people were learning to love with a fondness which they would have lavished upon their own daughter had she been spared to them. Mrs. Gordon presented Mrs. Rug-gles with a fine silver ladle, and Mr. Gordon gave Mr. Ruggles a sub-stantial gold chain for the handsome gold watch which he already possessed. But there was no gift from Ruby to her friends upon the table, and when all the packages had been ex-amined, she turned to them, a little tender smile wreathing her lips, say-ing:

"Will you come with me for a few moments, Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles ? I have something I would like to show

you." She led them to a small parlor or She led them to a small parlor or reception-room, opened the door for them to pass in, and then softly clos-ed it after them, leaving them alone. But just opposite, and where they could not fail to see it, there hung a life-size and life-like crayon portrait of their dead daughter, which Ruby had had copied from a photograph, and, fastened to one corner of the frame, there was a card bearing the words: words:

"From Ruby to her dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles." They gave one startled look into the sweet, refined face of the girl who had been so dear to them; for "An-nie Ruggles," as she was known among her school friends, had been an unusually cultivated girl, having been a thorough student and something of a poet; then a mist, a blur ob-scured their sight; a sob burst from the loving mother; Mr. Ruggles chok-ed back a groan; then they both broke down entirely and clung to each other for comfort. Ruby had been sure that it would

be so, and thus she had delicately planned for them to see the picture for the first time by themselves.

for the first time by themselves. She could not have given them any-thing that they would have valued so much as this enlarged and perfect-ed likeness of their only child, and when, a half hour later, Mr. Ruggles had regained his composure and met Ruby in the hall on his way back to the library, he laid his hand gently on hêr head, then stooped and touched her shining hair with his still tremu-lous lips, as he said gratefully: "Forgive an old man's weakness, Miss Ruby, but I tell you, you couldn't have touched mother and me in a more tender spot; and-though I don't sup-pose the time will ever come—if you're ever in s tight place and need a friend Owen Ruggles is the man that'll stand by you."

by you.

By you." But the time was to come, and was not far distant, either, when she was to stand in sore need of just such a friend as he promised to be.

Walter had been invited to be. Walter had been invited to dine with the Gordons that evening, and afterward the whole family attended the opera to hear the renowned Chris-tine Nilsson, and thus the delightful holiday came to an end.

holiday came to an end. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles returned to their home among the mountains, asserting that they had never enjoyed so much during their whole lives as during the ten days that they had spent with their friends in Philadelphia. After that the winter passed rap-idly, but without much that is wor-thy of note.

thy of note.

Spring came, then summer, and Ruby went to the mountains, to spend sev-eral weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Rug-gles, as she had promised to do the previous year. And hither Walter came again to pass his vacation; and those two weeks were weeks never to be forgotten by either of them. Walter even yet would not allow himself to speak words that would lead Ruby to pledge herself to him; yet each knew that they were all in all to each other, and there was a sort of tacit understanding between them that eventually they would be-long to each other. Another year, Spring came, then summer, and Ruby

there was nothing like shame or dis-honor stamped upon it, and she re-

"I can bear anything better than to see you look so broken-hearted. Tell me all your trouble," she pleaded, pressing her lips softly against his cheek.

Something like a sob burst from the

pressing her lips softly against his cheek. Something like a sob burst from the strong man, and he hugged her almost convulsively to him. "Darling, you are a little comforter," he said; "but my trouble is more on your account and Estelle's than upon my own. I am a man, and I can bear to face poverty and loss. Ruby, could you bear to be poor ? Have you any idea what it means to be poor ?" "I do not suppose I have, really; but I think there are some things that would be harder to bear than pov-erty," Ruby returned, gravely. "What do you mean, Ruby ?" "It would be a thousand times worse if-ff you were in Mr. Currier's place —If you had been guilty of dishonor." "Tes, thank Heaven for that; though I have lost everything, my name is untarnished, and I need not fear to look any man in the face," Robert, Gordon returned, heartlip. "Robert, I want you to tell me all about it. Do not talk to me as if I were a child and could not understand; but let me help you to bear your trouble, whatever it may as. I do not believe it will be so very dreadful to be poor as long as we can have each other to love, and are well and strong." The man regarded her with sur-prise, this delicate. lovely girl, whom he had so carefully sheltered for anything like this from her-for such utter self-forgetuiness and and wunto him. He had not looked for anything like this from her-for such utter self-forgetuiness and alaw unto him. He had not looked for anything like this from her-for such utter self-forgetuiness and such tender solicitude for him. We cannot blame him if a thought of bitterness stirred his heart, that she, from whom he had expected nothing but helpless dependence, had risen above their trial and come to comfort him, while his wife lay in her chamber above, weeping and wringing her hands in utter

to comfort him, while his wife lay in her chamber above, weeping and wringing her hands in utter abandonment of grief over the mis-fortune which had so suddenly over-

"Ruby, my precions sister, 'I will tell you," he said gravely. "I have not only lost every dollar of what I was worth, but all your money also, while I am, I fear, heavily in debt besides." (To be Continued.)



### City of Toronto Showing Marked Decrease in Deaths From Bright's Disease.

# Not Only Bright's Disease But All Kidney Diseases Decreasing— Dodd's Kidney Pills the Cause of Decrease—F. Borland Cured.

Decrease—F. Borland Cured. Toronto, Oct, 23.—There has been a marked failing off in the number of deaths due to Bright's Disease in the city of Toronto of recent years. This decrease is ascribed solely to Dodd's Kidney Pills, the marvellous medicine which has performed so many wonder-ful cures throughout the country. Formerly, within recent years, Bright's Disease claimed a constant sacrifice of unfortunate victims, and wherever it struck, death was sure to follow. Now, Bright's Disease itself is comparatively rare, and deaths there-from almost unknown in this city. Dodd's Kidney Pills have come into universal household use, and disorders in the kidneyf are rectified early, so Bright's Disease is seldom allowed to develop. Where kidney disease has been no

Where kidney disease has been no-glected, however, owing to ignorance

## A Veteran's Trials. Attacked With Kidney Trouble in An Aggravated Form.

His Digestion Became Impaired and His Case Was Looked Upon as Helpless-Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him When Other Medicines Failed.

(From the Telegraph, Welland, Ont.) Among the residents of Port Robin-

son there are few better known than Mr. Samuel Richards, who has resided in that vicinity for some twentyseven years. Mr. Richards came to Canada from Illinois, and is one of the veterans of the American civil war, having been a member of the 7th Illinois regiment. Mr. Richards is also one of the vast army who bear willing and cheerful testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. To a reporter who recently interviewed him he said : "I very gladly testify to the great merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago I fell a victim to one of the worst forms of kianey trouble. I was tortured with terrible pains across the back. I could neither sit up or lie down with any degree of ease. I consulted a doctor, and he gave me medicine which I took from time to time, but instead of helping me I was growing worse. My digestion became impaired and I suffered from additional pairs in the suffered from I was growing worse. My digestion became impaired and I suffered from additional pairs in the stomach. I would feel cold along the spine and in the region of the kidneys; sparks would apparently float before my eyes, and I would have frequent head-aches. I then began using a medicine advertised to cure kidney trouble, but to no avall; it left me poorer in pocket, while I grew worse in health. I fell away in flesh until my neigh-bors scarcely knew me. In my day I have undergone many hardships and a great deal of pain, having been through the American war; but in all this I never experienced the dread that I now have when I recall this sickness; not even the hour when I was captured and dragged within two miles of Libby prison. My suf-ferings were intensified by the sto-mach trouble. I could not eat and was bent almost double from pain, in fact I deemed myself a wreck. One day R. A. Abbey, general mer-chant, advised me to try Williams' Pink Pills, and as he highly recom-mended them I purchased three boxes, and before they were used I could feel improvement. I kept on taking them until I used twelve boxes and am now so well and strong that I can do two days' work in one and weigh 226 pounds. My cure was a I can do two days' work in one and weigh 226 pounds. My cure was a surprise to everyone in the communsurprise to everyone in the commun-ity, as all thought my case hopeless. I feel so gratified that I consider this testimony compensates only poor-ly for what this medicine has done for me, and I believe I would have been dead if I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Williams' Pink Pills. The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not prompt-ly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly, resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imita-tion or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

she

ald not tolerate, and drawing r slight figure haughtily erect, e said, coldly and briefly: Thank you for the handkerchief, Carpenter," and then passed on, leaving him in no enviable frame of mind

he was destined to be sub-But and defeat before the evening jected to tion and was over.

The last dance was ended; the sicians had departed, and nearly Il the guests as well. Just a few intimate friends of the

lingered over family family lingered over their good-nights, and among these were both Edmand Carpenter and Walter.

The latter as yet had had no op-portunity to make his adiens to Ruby, and the former was anxious to make an appointment for the

to make an appointment for the opera with her. Ruby was in her gayest mood, and was jesting with her brother and two or three other gentlemen, who appeared to be vieing with each other in paying her compliments. Mr. Allison, an elderly gentleman who had always been very fond of her, remarked, playfully, in reply to some

<text><text><text><text><text> who had always been very fond of her, remarked, playfully, in reply to some-thing else that had been said: "Yes, she has been queen of the evening, with her lily crown. I shall probably go home and have my dreams haunted, for the remainder of the night, by Lenten lilies, each one hav-ing hidden in its cup a bright, plquant face, with ruby lips and diamond eyes."

foe. CHAPTER XX.

A Financial Wreck.

Ruby persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Rug-gles to remain until after Christmas, as they were to have no other guests, and as her invitation had been heart-ily seconded by both Mr. and Mrs. Gor-don, this had not been hard to ac-complish complish.

The day arrived-a bright, keen The day arrived—a bright, keen, winter's day; and, after the morning meal had been disposed of, the family adjourned to the library to inspect the many mysterious packages which had been arranged upon the table there there.

It would be useless to enumerate em all, but each one had remembered all the others in some way, and a very handsome way, too, it proved to be.

Ruby's gift from Mr. and Mrs. Rug-gles was contained in a very tiny box, which had been most carefully perched upon the top of the pile alloted to her. "What mysterious charm lies of

cealed within this?" she asked, with a roguish glance at Farmer Ruggles,

them that eventually they would be-long to each other. Another year, Watter hoped, would give him an in-terest in the business, and then he would feel free to ask Ruby to give herself to him, without the fear of being regarded as a fortune-hunter by her friends and acquaintances. October came, and one afternoon Mr. Gordon returned to his home looking

and wretched. "What is it, Robert?" his wife asked, with an anxious face. He told her that which for a mo-

ment shocked her into speechless-ness, and then made her shriek and faint dead away.

The man summoned help, and hung over her with a pitiful look until she revived and began to moan and wring her bands in anguish, when, unable to bear the sight of her misery, he crept away to the lib-rary, where he tried to face the future and bear his burden as best he could

little later there came a A nutle later there came a third knock on the door, then it was opened, and Ruby, with a pale face and solemn eyes, stole softly in, and going to her brother's side, slid one arm around his neck and contly asked. gently asked: "Robert, ls it true?"

"Robert, is it true?" "Is what true, dear?" "What Estelle's maid says—that Mr. Currier has been defaulting, and your company is ruined?" "Yes, darling, it is all true; and that is not the worst, either." "What do you mean, Robert?" the young girl asked, clasping both her small hands about his arm, and searching his face with anxious earnestness. earnestness.

earnestness. He gently unclasped her hands, and, with anguish written upon every feature of his fine face, drew her close to his breast. "Ruby, can you bear to hear all?" he asked. She caught her breath quickly, and her face grew white with a sudden fear.

her face grew white with a sudden fear. Was her idolized brother implicated in the wrong that had brought ruin upon him and his company? She dare not utter the thought aloud, yet it pierced her heart like a knife.

Again she searched his face; but

prejudice or carelessness, and Bright's Disease has ensued, Dodd's Kidney Pills are in the end called into re-quisition ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Doctors themselves produsition innerty-fines times out of a hundred. Doctors themselves pre-scribe Dodd's Kidney Pills in their own boxes or in bulk, so Bright's Dis-ease with the aid of Dodd's Kidney Pills is held completely at bay in

Mr. Fred. Borland, 677 Markham street, writes: "I have been a suf-ferer from Bright's Disease and im-pure blood. I could not get any-thing to help me until I had taken two boxes of your Dodd's Kidney Pills. I am now cured of this disease which I am told has always been considered incurable. Publish this letter. It may help others." Mr. Fred. Borland, 677 Markham may help others."

### Starting a Church Row.

Starting a Undreh Row. "There's one thing that has al-ways puzzled me," said the deacon. "Only one?" the parson asked. "Well, one in particular. You say there is no marrying nor giving in marriage in heaven." "Yes, that's what the Bible tells us."

"Well, in that case, what do the preachers do who have small salar-ies up there?"

les up there?" After the deacon had finished laughing at his joke the parson said: "Oh, I dou't know. The \$2 I got for marrying your son to Brother Pritchard's daughter didn't make me independent for life." The deacon now threatens to go over to another church.

### Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

A Curious Profession for Women.

A curious Profession for Women. A curious profession for a woman is that of dinner-taster. She is a pro-duct of Parisian refinement, and spends a portion of each day visiting houses and tasting dishes intended for dinner. She suggests improvements and shows the cook new ways of pre-paring dishes. The duties are pleasant, and the compensation ample.

Doctors and Druggists pronounce Miller's Compound Iron Pills the best on the market; 50 doses 25 cents.

#### A Sufficient Proof.

A Chicago minister who is very popular among marrying folk recently met a man for whom he had permet a man for whom he had per-formed the marriage ceremony several years before.

"Do you remember marrying me?" the smiling man asked him. "Certainly I do," responded the min-

ister.

"Well, now, doctor; I know it's a delicate question, but did you ever receive any remuneration for that

The reverend gentleman hesitated, cleared his throat and then blurted out :

"Not a red cent."

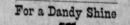
Then his questioner smote his palm with the other, and exclaimed: "I feared as much. Do you know, we have had good reason to suspect

The Twentieth Century

Enters upon the heritage of a remedy that is sure, safe and painless. Put-nam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. never causes pain nor slightest discomfort.

Lemon Pie, Two Crusts.

Lemon Pie, Two Crusts. Lemon pie having two crusts— Three tablespoons corn starch, made smooth with sold water, in a large mixing bowl. Add to this one quart and a half pint of boiling water, stir well and allow to cool. When thor-orughly cold add three well-beaten eggs and juice and grated rind of four lemons, a pinch of salt, and sweeten to taste. Have the plates ready, and lined, fill as full as you can and cover, bake like a berry pie. This will make four ples.



ENGLISH ARMY BLACKING

Your shoes will look nicer and last longer and keep softer.

"My long lost brother !" she cried. "My long lost sister !" he cried. "Now, look here," interrupted the surprised witness of the happy re-union, "which of you was it that was lost ?"